

school as if I was shot out of a cannon and was so hungry, she would put sugar on my bread." If you love your mother, God will put sugar on your bread when you trust in Him through faith, and take Him at His word.

Treacherous heart, how many wounds have you cost your mother during the year that has just closed. "Moral wounds have their peculiarity; they conceal themselves but never close, always painful always ready to bleed. When touched they remain fresh and open in the heart." The story is told of the "Old forty-niner," in California mining days when one morning to his utter surprise he heard the cry of a baby. He rushed down to the cabin to enquire what had happened; when his investigation found that a mother had arrived during the night, he ordered all business suspended for the day, that homage might be paid that mother, doubtless his mind was carried back to his boyhood days when he played about his mother's knee. Let me say to you young man that the success of this great nation largely depends upon the mothers of the rising generation. When the kingdoms of this earth become the kingdom of Christ it will be brought about by praying mothers; then do not be discouraged if only one child comes at a time. The world did not know God before Christ came, as we know Him now. It required the warm gracious loving life of Christ to make God a reality to us. There is a great responsibility resting upon our christian mothers, to speak to men and women who jostle in every day life of God and His service to hold out helping hands to those who despair because the light has not broke upon them yet. It may seem like a tendency to anarchy to urge our mothers and sisters to rebel against being "queen of the cook-stove throne" but hopeless slavery to household drudgery all the days of a woman's life "with no beyond" is rather a cheerless out-look. If man would trust woman more he would be the gainer, many of our best and most talented women have no adaptation in the way of house-keeping and yet have superior talents in some other calling. Shall every woman be limited to housekeeping any more than every man to farming? Did the apostle Paul in writing to the Corinthian

church make any distinction between men and women, when speaking to them on the subject of praying or prophesying? They were each equally bound in the service of God, and the promise to the faithful is that "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars." Young man it is your mother who will be waiting and watching for your return after you are through tramping and sowing your "wild oats". Let us start from this point and take courage, seeing the progress that has been made in the year 1894, for the relief of the burden that has been resting upon women.

"There are three words that softly blend,  
That on the heart are graven,  
A sweetly soothing balm they lend,  
Tis mother, home, and heaven,"

#### THE BEST HUSBAND.

No man, in my opinion, can be the best husband till he is the minister of his family. As the home is the first church, so the husband is the first minister. He is the high priest of that home; his wife, the high priestess.

If religion means an abiding faith in an Almighty power above us, and a true love of God, who is love, together with love in the best sense of all mankind, then I say religion should have its place, a large place, in every home, and the husband should be the one to encourage, by example and sensible teaching, its continued presence there. If he would have the happiest family about him, he will teach—not preach, understand—the doctrines of religion and morality. The father who would have his child, when that child becomes a man, continue in his career in the fullness of Christian faith, must bring up that child amid Christian surroundings. As a rule, those men who are most sincere in their religious belief were imbued with the spirit of religion in childhood.

I cannot bring myself to believe that there is enough of religion in our homes to-day. Amid the rush, the pace that kills, religion is forgotten. The husband and father has no time for it; he can't even find house-room for it. As only one man here and there will tolerate religion in his office or place of business, where, then, do the great

mass of men keep their religion? Some few keep it within the walls of church, pay a handsome pew rent for keeping it there, and go to take a look at it once every Sunday from eleven to twelve.

I fear that especially among well-to-do families, in the homes of prosperity, religion is almost entirely neglected; at least, the subject is seldom spoken of as an expression of real feeling, except in hushed tones. And yet I do not wish to paint the situation in darker colors than it really is. I do not say all husbands and fathers neglect religion. If there are great numbers of homes in this city in which religion has no place, there are still many households in which the family lives together in the spirit of Christ's teachings; and when such is the case it is usually because the husband and the wife agree in their religion, and agreeing in that, agree in all matters, and are the happier. In these homes husband and wife love God and pray and worship together, just as they work, hope, sorrow, and joy together.—*Dr. C. H. Parkhurst.*

#### "I'S SORRY!"

Ruth was a little girl, full of life, who frequently got herself so much overheated in playing that mamma found it necessary sometimes to make her rest on the sofa for awhile. Today mamma had given her the toy farm to play with, which always amused her greatly; for there were trees and one or two fences, besides the shed in which she could put the animals and make them walk out.

She had just begun to arrange the horses, cows and fowls in a fine procession, which was to march around the barn, when her little sister came up to where she was lying.

"Let me play with this one and this one," she begged, pointing to a horse with a long mane, and a pretty spotted cow.

"No, sister, you can't have even one; it will spoil my procession," Ruth answered crossly.

Little sister turned away, and Ruthie could see how her little mouth was beginning to pucker at the corners, and how the tears were filling the big baby eyes fast.

All the pleasure had flown from Ruthie's play now. She tossed over the two farmers who were to drive the procession, and the animals she had begun to arrange in line, and a little hand went up to her eye to brush away a tear that had quickly come there also.

"Come back, sister," she called, "come back. I's sorry. I's real sorry. Come back and play with Ruthie."